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and Jersey City, TWO CENTS.

BIGGEST 'QUAKE SINCE CHARLESTON.

Three States and Two
Provinces Felt the
Tremor.

BEGAN IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

Ended in Lake Ontario, Where
Boats May Have
Swamped.

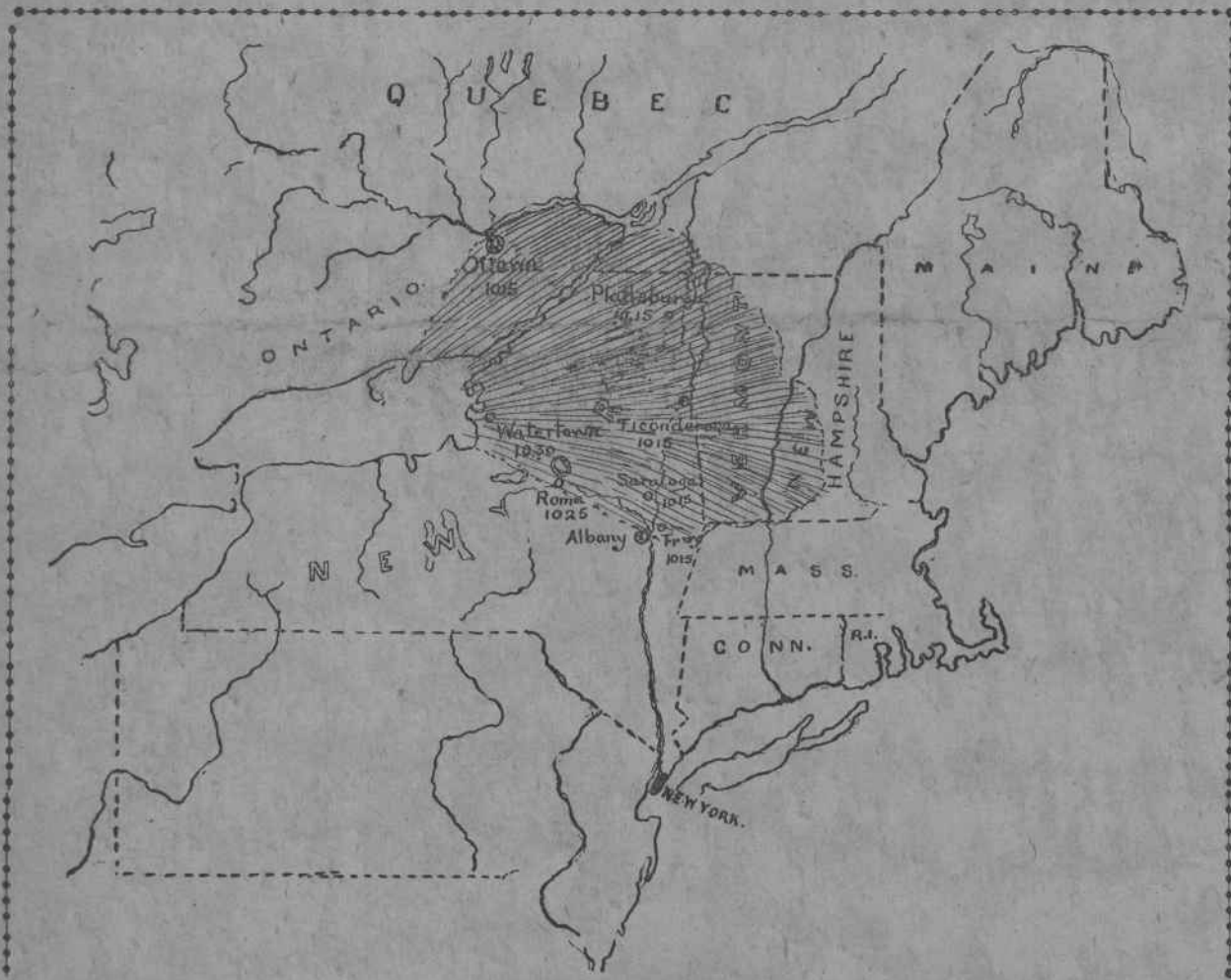
PANICS IN THEATRES.

Houses Rocked, Lamps and
Windows Were Broken,
and Sleepers Aroused.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., MOST SHAKEN

Most Severe and Widest Spread
Quaking of the Earth Since the
Charleston Catastrophe of
September, 1888.

Never since the Charleston earth-
quake of September, 1888, has there been
so severe a shaking of any portion of this
country, and with the exception of that
Charleston episode the Atlantic coast has
never known a tremor that ran over so
great an area as the one which was felt
in New Hampshire, Vermont, Northern
New York and Ontario, on Thursday night.



Area Included in the Earthquake of Thursday Night.

The tremor began in New Hampshire at 10:13 p. m. and was last observed at Watertown, N. Y., at 10:30. Three States and two provinces of the Dominion of Canada are included in the territory affected by the disturbance, which Dr. Daniel Draper says was caused by the slipping of strata, due to unequal contraction and expansion. The course of the wave was from east to west, and the lines converged as they neared Lake Ontario.

The tremor got no nearer the metropolis than Troy on its way west. It began up in Coos County, New Hampshire, and rolled wavelike through Vermont, where it was felt in almost every hamlet. Burlington clocks were stopped by the earth's motion at 10:13 p. m. The duration of the motion was variously reported by observers, who call it from ten seconds to half a minute. At first the motion was like the long sweeping roll of a wave at sea and then there was a vertical shaking motion which caused nausea and broke windows. This died away in slight shivers. This is the substance of all the reports from Burlington and other Vermont points. It is the story of the shaking throughout Quebec and Ontario, only that at Ottawa the force of

The northern and southern lines of the area affected converge after they enter New York State. The eastern line extends in this State from Troy to Plattsburgh, which is at the head of Cumberland Bay, Lake Champlain. Along this line the uniform report is that the tremor began at 10:15 o'clock. Watertown, which is near Sackett's Harbor, Lake Ontario, was shaken at 10:30, and Rome, which is a little farther east, trembled at 10:25.

Watertown, the most western point from which a report has been received, is not the junction of the northern and southern boundaries of the affected area. The junction is still farther west, far out in Lake Ontario, and as the violence of the wave was seemingly increased as the area narrowed, it seems logical to conclude that in a few days tales will come in of disaster and loss of life on the lake.

Not the First Recent Fright.
This fright was not the first that North New York has had this month. A week ago the earth in the vicinity of Utica, Rome and Ogdensburg trembled. The disturbance is noted more in the vicinity of the first named place, and fishermen on Canadian boats said their boats had been swamped by sudden waves. But this tale was not heard, as it was so much in excess of other reports.

Continued on Seventh Page.

DENIED BY CONSUELO.

The Duchess Never Has Refused to Contribute to the American Victoria Jubilee Fund.

By Frank Marshall White.

(Copyright, 1897, by W. R. Hearst.)

London, May 28.—The Duchess of Marlborough declares that the story that she refused to subscribe to the "American Victoria Jubilee Memorial" on the ground that she was not an American is false, which places some of the members of the Memorial Committee, who gave out the story and affirmed its truth when questioned on the subject, in an awkward position.

The Duchess said to a Journal representative today:

"The misapprehension probably arose from the fact that the Duke did not think it expedient to permit my name to appear on the general committee list printed in circulars that were sent out soliciting contributions by the Executive Committee. I have not refused to contribute, and I consider the scheme of endowing hospital beds for Americans in London a worthy charity."

The Journal reporter was informed by members of the Memorial Fund Committee yesterday that the Duchess had refused to contribute on the ground that she was the wife of an Englishman.

REFUSED "GOLD" STOCK.

Assayer Whitehead Says He Was Offered \$10,000 Worth, but Had No Faith in Transmutation.

Washington, May 28.—Professor Cabell Whitehead, one of the assayers of the United States Mint Bureau, who made an unfavorable report on E. C. Bice's alleged transmutation process, declared today that he had been offered \$10,000 worth of stock in the process, which he declined. The tender was made after his report had

GERRY MADE CHILDREN WEEP.

Pupils Tell Their Sorrow
at Not Being Al-
lowed to Perform.

"THE LAW," HIS ANSWER

Declares It Is Explicit and
He Had No Alter-
native.

YET PARENTS WERE THERE.

They Surely Could Have Exer-
cised Proper Vigilance,
Say Others.

TO-MORROW THEY'LL TRY AGAIN.

The Entire Music School Is Up in Arms
and Bound to Produce the
Interrupted Per-
formance.

"I cried very hard when they told me I couldn't play, for I had thought about it so long and I had practised and practised—oh! so hard—and I had on my new white slippers and my new dress, and I hadn't done anything to make them stop me from playing. So I couldn't help

GAVE HER BOYS POISONED SODA.

"Vanilla, Please," Said
the Mother in a
Drug Store.

IT WAS CHILDREN'S DAY.

Into the Foaming Glasses
the Woman Dropped
Paris Green.

DRANK SOME HERSELF.

Prompt Action of the Drug Clerk
Alone Saved the Lives of
Three People.

BELIEVED SHE WAS DESERTED.

Did the Sight of the Multitudes of Anni-
versary Day Paraders Drive
Her to the Desper-
ate Act?

Easy for her children's sake of the merry, gayly-dressed troops of youngsters who marched to the strains of a dozen bands in Brooklyn's big Sunday school procession yesterday was doubtless one of the motives which prompted Mrs. Anna Brown to administer a draught of poison to her two little sons and then to quaff deeply of the deadly cup herself.

The broad, shaded avenues surrounding ancient Fort Greene, in Brooklyn, were crowded with happy children in holiday array. Hundreds of little boys and girls laughed and shouted and romped about the wide pavements in gleeful anticipation of the Sunday school marching and the ice cream and strawberry feast later.

Among the spectators of the scene was a young woman, tall, superbly poised, and rounded in figure, beautiful. She was neatly but meanly dressed in some dark stuff, and she held closely by the hands two pretty little yellow-haired, blue-eyed boys. One was about seven, the other four years old. They wore blue military caps and waists immaculately clean. But their clothing and shoes were sadly worn, and the appearance of the little group was in striking contrast to the appearance of the holiday-makers on the other side of the street.

The woman's dark brows were contracted in a frown. She watched the happy, gayly-dressed children intently and muttered to herself. The elder boy asked many questions, which his mother did not answer. The younger boy struggled to get loose and cried a little when the mother tightened her grip upon his wrist.

His little lament seemed to recall the woman to her senses. She started and bent over the little lad.

"Now mind," she said, "come with mamma and you shall have some soda water."

To Give the Children a Treat.

Karl Behren's drug store is on the corner of Clermont and De Kalb avenues, half a dozen steps from where the woman had watched the assembling of the earliest holiday-makers. Entering the store and pausing at the soda water counter, she said:

"Give me two glasses of soda; vanilla flavor." Laying her pocketbook down upon the counter, she took out a ten-cent piece. Prescription Clerk S. H. Herman drew the soda and sat the glasses in their silver holders on the slab. Then he put the money in the drawer and went about some unfinished duty behind the prescription case.

S. L. Wood, another of Behren's prescription clerks, walked to the front of the store at that moment. He happened to glance at the glass which the woman was holding to her lips. He saw that it contained some greenish substance which was never drawn from a soda fountain. Instantly he called out to Herman and both of them hastened to the counter. They saw the woman set her half-empty glass on the marble top and the littlest boy to take another swallow from the glass he had been sharing with his brother. This glass also contained the mysterious green substance.

"Good-bye! I've done it!" shouted the woman as Herman grabbed the empty glass from the child's lips and shivered it to bits upon the floor. In the next instant he had also seized the half-empty glass which the woman was raising to her lips for a final draught and wrenched it out of her grasp.

Wood picked up a round wooden box which lay beside the woman's pocketbook on the counter. It was half full of Paris green and bore in addition to the usual red poison label, the manufacturer's brand—"John & Pink, manufacturing druggists—New York."

Prompt Action Saved Lives.

The two young pharmacists acted with commendable promptitude. Wood rang for an ambulance and dispatched a messenger after Dr. Wardwell, who lives in the next block. Herman rushed to the prescription case for emetics, dragging the two little boys with him. Hydrated oxide of iron and dialized iron are the antidotes for strichnine poisoning and Paris green is strichnine.

Despite the frenzied objections of the mother, Herman promptly filled the two kids up with the antidote and then administered a copious dose of sulphate of zinc and mustard to each by way of an emetic. The treatment was instantly efficacious in the case of the smaller boy.

The mother resisted the attempts to force any of the antidotes down her throat, but Dr. Wardwell fortunately arrived, and she was obliged to swallow some of the mixture. Dr. Allen came with an ambulance from the Homoeopathic Hospital in a few minutes more, and a stomach pump was promptly brought into forcible operation for the mother's rescue. The elder boy was not "pumped" until the trio arrived at the hospital. Once there, Dr. W. C. Laffiner, Dr. Simmons and Dr. Lloyd, the house physicians, took the three patients in hand

Continued on Fourth Page.

RUN OVER BY A BIG TRUCK.

Heavy Wheel Passed Over the Back of
Little Walter Clark, Knocked from
His Velocipede.

At Fifth avenue near One Hundred and Thirtieth street late yesterday afternoon a tiny boy rode a nickel-plated tricycle. His neat fitting suit, his brown cap and eyelet shoes were attractive, but made him look like a Brownie. He bent over the handlebars, and seemed to think he was moving like the wind. A bicycle policeman who had dismounted to speak to a friend said: "That child's going at the rate of a mile an hour."

WARING'S AIDS ALERT.

The Juvenile Street Cleaners Mean Business, and Their Weekly Reports Show It.

As secretary of Colonel Waring's Juvenile Street Cleaning Aids, Mr. Willard has received many weekly reports that testify to the small boy's interest in the health and beauty of his city. In proof of the great good they are accomplishing, Mr. Willard read aloud yesterday afternoon a number of letters, of which the following are fair samples:

Report of Morris Hollitz—I saw a boy throwing banana skins in the gutter so he

Report of William Mulhall—I saw a

Report of F. Rosenbaum—April 5, at

Report of Moses Levine—No. 33 El-

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ACTION AT LAST ON RAINES CLUBS

Edward Corey, of the
"Gramercy" (New-
market), Arrested.

GRAND JURY INDICTS.

Report of the Action Spread
Rapidly Among Fake Clubs
of the Tenderloin.

WILL CHARTERS BE LOST?

Counsel Page, of the Excise De-
partment, Says Conviction
Will Do It.

MOSS HELPING THE WORK.

Appears as Witness in One Case, and
from Now On, Officials Say,
No Peace Will be Given
to the Wicked.

Edward B. Corey, proprietor of the New-market Dance Hall, otherwise known as the Gramercy Club, at Sixth avenue and Thirtieth street, was arrested at 6 o'clock



Mrs. A. Brown.



The Glass from which they drank.

The child knew that admiring eyes looked at him, so he bent lower and lower. At One Hundred and Thirtieth street he turned with a great sweep from one side of the street to the other, never noticing a ponderous truck coming.

The driver yelled, dragged up his horses, but on the down grade could not stop the truck. The little tricycle struck the horse's hind legs, and the child fell directly beneath the wagon wheel. A dozen people ran forward, but in an instant the heavy wheel had passed directly over the boy's back.

Men covered their faces with their hands. The truck driver, George Flebach, of No. 426 East Seventy-second street, jumped from his seat with a great cry:

"God help me, it was not my fault." Bicycle Policeman Casey had plainly seen the wheel pass over the boy, and he was the first to reach the child's side.

"Dead," he exclaimed, as he reached out to pick up the child. But the boy slipped from him and sprang forward. He ran to his little tricycle, set it up, and would have gone but the policeman held him. The boy sobbed.

"I wasn't going so fast; I wasn't scorching," he blubbered, "I don't want to be arrested." It did not seem possible that he could be alive. One man said, "Get his name quick, he'll drop dead in a minute," and a woman, who brushed off the little brown bicycle cap, said: "He's hurt internally and don't know it."

So the policeman asked, and the boy told that he was Walter Clark, and that his mother lived at No. 440 Lenox avenue. "And," he said, with his voice thick with tears, "it's the first time I've had on this suit, and I didn't know I was going so fast, and I never will again."

Policeman Casey hastily picked up Walter and ran with him to a drug store. The druggist took him in a back room, stripped the new suit from him, and looked for some injury. There was simply a red mark along the boy's back. Then he was made to walk up and down, run around the room, shake his head and bend over.

"Make him crawl," the clerk suggested. So the boy crawled about the room.

"Want I be arrested if I'm not hurt?" asked the lad, who did not seem to understand what they were doing with him. The policeman looked thoughtful, the driver happy, the druggist doubtful. They dressed the boy, and then the policeman bought him a stick of candy. Boy and policeman rode away together.

Little Walter said nothing about having been run over when he got home. In the evening a dozen people went to the house to ask how the child was. When his mother questioned him, and he admitted that the wheel passed over him, she was greatly alarmed, but Walter only laughed.



Johnnie.



Charles.

Mrs. Brown and Her Sons Whom She Attempted to Poison.

wanted to go away so I was thinking to my self if I shall leave him go and then I said no I won't I will call him back so I called him back and told him to pick it up so he said why, so I said to him that if he will not pick it up so the banana skin will get black.

Report of William Mulhall—I saw a lady throw ashes in the paper barrel and I told her not to do it any more and she said: "Oh, but you enter this door again or I'll break your head if you will."

I saw a man throw clam and oysters shells in the paper barrel and I told him that was wrong, and he said here is a penny for telling me, and I put them where they belonged and I went home.

Report of F. Rosenbaum—April 5, at No. 205 Eldridge street, I saw a can was filled with paper and cabbage, so I went up and told the housekeeper about it, so he said: "Oh, but you enter this door again or I'll break your head if you will."

April 6—A pushcart merchandise No. 1,734, was standing Ludlow, corner Hester street, with bananas, and around him by the sidewalk was lying banana shells, so I told him he shouldn't leave his customers throw any, so he picked up a stick and wanted to hit me, but I was standing a little faster than his stick could reach.

Report of Moses Levine—No. 33 Eldridge street—Has I was going I saw a man with a paper barrel when he was stood in I saw a banana skin. A doctor came and fell a broken his leg. A doctor came and put a rag wound his leg. No. 16 Hester street—I was going I saw a horse slipped. A man put him in a wagon and brought him home. When the man picked him up the were four bananas. The man was going home from shop. The man went to the doctor and the doctor said he had to go to the hospital. His wife his sick and he has no money to by bread.

last evening by Acting Inspector Harley on a bench warrant charging him with keeping a disorderly house. Corey was taken to Police Headquarters and locked up for the night. He was indicted yesterday.

The warrant was issued in the afternoon and placed in Inspector Harley's hands. He went to Corey's place at 5 o'clock, but the proprietor was not in. "The Inspector waited for him, and upon his arrival the warrant was read and he was immediately escorted to Mulberry street. An effort was made to keep the arrest secret by the officials, who refused to talk about the case.

Corey's arrest is the first move by the police to close up the mushroom Raines clubs, which sprang up all over town just as soon as the amended liquor law went into effect.

The news of the arrest spread through the Tenderloin like wildfire. "Silver Dollar" Smith, of the Young Men's Cosmopolitan Club, No. 518 Sixth avenue; Charles Hinchman, of the Young Men's Shenandoah Club, No. 302 and 504 Sixth avenue, and Patrick O'Neill, of the Independent Englander Dramatic and Pleasure Club, No. 1435 Broadway, hastily looked up board men, who were kept handy all night in case of arrest.

At "Silver Dollar's" place the bartender in charge said he had gone to Albany on business with Senator "Dry Dollar" Sullivan. O'Neill lives near Stamford, Conn., and it was said he was at his home. None of Hinchman's employees would vouchsafe any information concerning his whereabouts.

The Excise Department is working with the police and the District Attorney and